THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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IN LITTLES.

A little House of Life,
With many noises rife,
  Noises of joy and crime;
A little gate of birth
Through which I slipped to Earth
  And found myself in Time.

And there, not far before,
Another little door,
  One day to swing so free!
None pauses there to knock,
No other hand tries lock,—
  It knows, and waits for me.

From out what Silent Land
I came, on Earth to stand
  And learn life's little art,
Is not in me to say:
I know I did not stray,—
  Was **sent**; to come, my part.

And down what Silent Shore
Beyond yon little door
  I pass, I cannot tell;
I know I shall not stray,
Nor ever lose the way,—
  Am **sent**; and all is well.

—W. C. Gannett.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts of the International Reform Bureau is to be on the Pacific Coast this month in the interests of the work of the Bureau. Among the addresses he will give are: "National Perils and Hopes." "A World-wide War on Great Evils." "That Boy and Girl of Yours."

The Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters of New York City is to lecture at several places on the Pacific Coast this summer. He will spend two weeks in California. Among his lecture subjects will be: The Truth About the Jew. What's the Matter with the American Home? The Americanism of Washington. How to Make Things go. Dr. Peters will be prepared to give also his lecture on The Life and Times of Moses, illustrated with motion pictures.

Congratulations to Pomona College on the successful outcome of the effort to raise a fund of $300,000! We felt confident all along that there could be but one result—success. This puts the college out of debt and adds to the endowment about $250,000. It means also that President Blaisdell, who came recently from Beloit and who has given himself to the work in a highly commendable way, will remain with the college. We are pleased to note also an endowment of $30,000 for the Greek chair, occupied by Dean Norton, who has been with Pomona from its beginning.

Occidental College, Los Angeles, plans to celebrate its 25th anniversary in 1912 on its recently acquired grounds in Eagle Rock valley. By that time several new buildings will be ready for occupancy and dedication. Seventy-five acres of land were purchased in the valley a few months ago, and eventually eighteen buildings will be erected thereon. The present location will be sold at once at an opportune time, and the proceeds put into buildings on the new grounds. The transfer of Occidental from its present limited site in the city to a suburban location will prove highly advantageous.

The mayor of Albany, Oregon, tells of the prosperity of that place since the saloons were voted out: "We are a prosperous and happy people, growing rapidly, and our business men are satisfied with local option. When local option went into effect we had about eighty empty dwellings and several vacant business houses and we have since built many business blocks and several hundred new dwellings and all are now full, including all buildings vacated by the saoons. We need many more dwellings and business houses." Under saloon rule the city had a deficit of more than $2,000 a year, without any expenditure for improvements, worth mentioning. The mayor says: "Without the saloons on an eight-mill tax on the present valuation of property, we could wipe out our entire public debt of $126,000 in ten years if we did no improving. But we expect to continue our street paving and do other public improvements."

The Jewish Times, edited by Rabbi Levy, states that a cane has come into its possession which was the property of the late Dr. Julius Eckman, the founder of the first Jewish paper published on the Pacific Coast. "Dr. Julius Eckman arrived in San Francisco from Charleston, South Carolina, in 1854, as the first rabbi of Temple Emmanu-El of this city; he laid the cornerstone of the first building for Jewish devotion belonging to Temple Emmanu-El on Broadway near Stockton. He also laid the cornerstone of the synagogue Sherith Israel on Stockton street between Broadway and Vallejo. In 1873 he laid the cornerstone of the synagogue, Post and Taylor streets. He was born in the city of Rawicz, Province of Posen, in the year 1805, and died here July 5, 1874. He was the founder of the first Jewish paper on the Pacific Coast in 1855, called The Gleaner, and the office was on Sacramento street near Sansome. A few years later he associated himself with Mr. William Saalburg, who changed the title of that journal to The Hebrew Observer. He spoke seven languages fluently, namely, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek, Latin, French, English and German."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The President of the United States is the president of the Laymen's Association of the Unitarian Church.

The city of Detroit has a law which forbids the attendance of any child under the age of fourteen at any theater, moving picture show, vaudeville or penny exhibit after eight o'clock in the evening unless accompanied by parent or guardian.

There are some very wealthy monasteries belonging to the Greek Church in Russia. One at Kieff, built in 1055, has property worth $900,000,000. One near Moscow, established in 1342, has property valued at $1,600,000,000. The total value of the property owned by the monasteries and nunneries of Russia is at least $3,735,000,000.

Investigations a year ago showed that San Francisco had 2367 licensed saloons and only 160 churches; San Jose, 105 saloons and 35 churches; Sacramento, 303 saloons and 21 churches; Stockton, 105 saloons and 11 churches; Monterey, 28 saloons and 2 churches; Watsonville, 38 saloons and 7 churches.

Coal tar is perhaps the most protean substance in the world. Here is a summary of the products of coal tar industry: Since the discovery of mauve, half a century ago, dye-stuffs after dye-stuffs have been and still are evolved from coal tar, giving the whole range of the colors of the rainbow and complying with every demand of taste, fashion,

and stability, surpassing in beauty, brilliancy, and fastness to time, light, and chemicals, the colors supplied to us by nature in plants and animlas. A host of medicines for the treatment of the most diverse diseases has been and still is produced from coal tar; fever, sleeplessness, and pains of all origin are allayed by its various derivatives; surgical operations are rendered painless and shortened by anaesthetics made from this source. The active principles of animal glands are reproduced from coal tar, and placed at the disposal of the physician. The sleeping sickness of Africa—the disease caused by the bite of the tsetse fly—is cured by coal-tar products, and we are now on the threshold of curing cancer, the most horrible scourge of modern life, by remedies derived from this source. We make artificial sweeteners from coal tar which are 550 times sweeter than sugar; artificial oil of bitter almond and musk are derived from this source. The odors of oil of wintergreen, violets, roses, jasmine, and heliotrope are reproduced by coal-tar products. We develope our photographic pictures with them, and use them for photography in the colors of nature. We employ them as safety explosives in mines and building operations, and the armies and navies of the world use them as smokeless powder. With coal-tar products we protect our giants of the forests against destruction by caterpillars and other insects, and preserve with them the canned goods so indispensable for the soldier, sailor, and explorer.

The National Religious Training School and Chautauqua for negroes will open at Durham, North Carolina, in July. The idea of this school was thought of by Dr. J. E. Sheppard, one of the leading colored men of the South, when on visits to Northfield, Massachusetts, and Winona, Indiana. The aim of the institution is to especially instruct ministers and religious workers of all denominations. There will be a summer school, an all-the-year-round school, and a course for home study. Aside from the Bible and lecture courses for ministers and religious workers, there will be normal courses for teachers, and courses in domestic science, dressmaking, and millinery and music. A course in basketry will be given under the direction of an expert teacher, enabling the pupils to make baskets and mats in four or five weeks. The school intends to teach that religion and work go hand in hand. It will be one of the objects of this school to turn emotionalism into channels of practical usefulness. The promoters of this institution state: "There are 30,000 negro ministers in the United States. Of this number, accurate statistics show that only ten per cent of them are trained; hence the appalling fact of 27,000 untrained ministers largely controlling the destiny of 10,000,000 people. The negro minister exerts almost a priestly influence over the race. No educational scheme for the permanent uplift and betterment of the race is worth while that does not take into consideration the man now in harness. . . The permanent uplift of the race must come through moral and religious training. The charge that the young negro is not as reliable as the old negro is due to the fact that religion played the most important part in the life of the slave, and as a result he could always be depended on and never betrayed the trust. He was always faithful. These qualities must again become racial assets if we are to raise up a trustworthy citizenship. The worthless, vicious, shiftless negro is drifting from the South to the North, and unless we can reach him there will be eventually a worse problem in the North than in the South."

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

By Rev. E. L. House.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate, of New York, on returning home from abroad after an absence of seven years, said he found an increase in the hurry of the American life. "When I went away," he says, "you were going at a tremendous pace, but now you have set the pace that kills."

He is right. The American people are burning the candle at both ends, and there is no reserve left. The old leisure is gone. We have no proper and adequate mental development; no time to see our children and families as we should; no time to think on moral and spiritual things. We must erect our great bridge in a few weeks; we must erect our great buildings in four months; we must get a footing in the business and professional world in one year. It is even true that boyhood and girlhood is fast becoming a thing of the past. Too often parents encourage their children soon after they enter their teens to act like men and women, and we frequently find a young girl taking upon herself the duties of wife when she ought to be free from such cares for a number of years longer. And too frequently our children are pushed forward in matters of education, so that when they come forth with their diplomas we find too often frail bodies and overstrung nerves. Short cut methods, and get rich quick plans are being pressed forward, and the fever of haste, at any price, is being emphasized in American life today.

And we have a social pace that kills. In order to get into society, to stand well, to attract attention, one must be a faultless dresser, must have a certain amount of brilliant flippery that shall attract attention. The pace among our young men and women of today of moderate earning capacity, is too fast, and the display of "codfish aristocracy" on the part of some of the well-to-do families, is largly responsible for this condition. Love in a cottage becomes a myth, and living within one's means an utter impossibility. After awhile the honeymoon is over, and trouble begins to come, and men are driven desperate, homes become a hell and any way of securing means to gratify standing and taste is resorted to, until the crash comes through divorce, embezzlement or suicide. The emphasis must be changed, if we as a nation would save our homes. One has well said: "If I had a daughter I should rather she would marry a man who was worth a million and hadn't a cent, than to marry a man who had a million, and wasn't worth a cent."

Another pace that kills is riotous living. A little while ago a young man came to one of these western cities and played the races, drank heavily, gave away to friends that which was not his own, and, when he lost, he turned on his heel, walked out into the darkness, and blew out his brains. It was an awful shock to a fond and proud father, to a beautiful young wife, and to devoted brothers and sisters. The fire was hot, the steam was up, the speed was on, and the crash must come.

And this pace is not confined to young men. Almost as much is it seen among our young women. High old jinks on New Year's eve, the nameless sin, riotous drinking, are all playing their part in bringing in the old Babylonian days, the Parisian debauchery, and the corruption of the American home, and imperiling the future of our great Republic.

And what could we not say of the pace for money? Some one has said that there are two things the American people care for, "fun and money." To get money, deceit,

treachery, and almost any price is paid, men forgetting that when they go out of this world, they cannot take their money with them and if they did, it would melt before they were through with God Almighty. This pace is killing out the finer, sweeter graces of men and women, and the day of reckoning must surely come.

Our age needs the spirit and ideals of the old fathers, to call it away from its extravagances, its hollowness, its sensualism. It needs the tonic and power of Christianity, to upset its customs and habits, that they may be "set up" so as to stand the test of time and eternity. The time has come when we should all place our hands upon the throttle of our being, and put on the brakes to save us from terrible disasters ahead of us in our American life.

Spokane, Wash.

A THEOLOGY THAT AIMS TO BANISH FICTION.

Rev. E. E. P. Abbott.

When the great Christian Endeavor Society was in session in San Francisco, we fell in with a very old friend whom we had not seen for many years,—one of the truly "wise men from the East." He said that the book that was just then most talked about by the ministers in Boston was "The Christian Theology," by Dr. Clark, a Baptist professor in Hamilton. The book was printed but not then published. Mr. Cary had never heard of it and could not procure it. But when it finally came to hand, one could say with Marcus Dods, "It held me enthralled, and compelled me to read the last word."

Prof. Clark was in Southern California about the time when his book was published. The pastor of the First Baptist Church of Los Angeles was careful not to ask him into his pulpit. The Congregationalists in Pomona and the Baptists in San Diego were not so scrupulous. While every one who heard him was impressed, few realized that they had listened to a man who in a few months was to be the most popular theologian in the country. He had struck the right chord; he had voiced the subliminal mind of the age in an opportune moment. Some of the ablest theologians in New England had outlived their own carefully elaborated systems. But here was a new man, unknown to most of us, who from the first commended himself by his modesty, his unusual candor, and his easy mastery of difficulties. He made few references to authorities, and hurled at them none of the old proof texts; He spoke in the simplest language; any layman might understand him. He made theology interesting. The liberals coud not complain; the conservatives were not antagonized even by his bold and surprising conclusions.

It was evident that he was a builder and not an iconoclast in his intent. Instead of unsettling our faith, he did much to confirm it,—especially for such as had been drifting from the old moorings.

Prof. Wm. A. Brown, who has himself written one of the best modern "Outlines," acknowledges Prof. Clark as his ablest teacher among English-speaking theologians. In the current number of "Harvard Review," he gives a most appreciative and illuminating review of Dr. Clark's last work, "The Doctrine of God." This book may not be received as enthusiastically as was his first "Outlines," but it is in some ways more satisfactory. It contains the careful summing up of the fruits of a long life, the conclusions that have been wrought out in the study and the class room and from the criticisms of able antagonists. Those of us who are older, and whose lives have run parallel with the life of the author, who have read many of the same books will find here results that they can appreciate, and final statements that commend themselves with hardly the need of argument. And the younger men will be saved the task of entering into interminable controversies over issues that are now past.

The book is not put into scientific form as is Prof. Brown's, but is all the more valuable from this seeming lack. It is not enriched by so many allusions and apt illustrations as is Prof. Everett's masterly work on "Theism and the Christian Faith." Its philosophical and logical reasoning does not appear on the surface as in Prof. Browne's able treatises. But while so simple in form there is a comprehensiveness that can appreciate the old at the same time that the "Christ of today" has everywhere the preeminence.

Prof. H. B. Smith of New York insisted upon the "christological method" in treating of the doctrines; but he did not live to apply it to his own system as Prof. Clark has done. All the way along the fathers and the doctors have to give way to the question, "What would Jesus say" to these representations of God, and his varied relationship to man. An effort is made to banish fiction from theology and needless abstraction—but not poetry. We have not a manufactured "body of divinity," but facts, vitalized.

"Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

While one of his principal working ideas is the immanence of God and which is thoroughly committed to the governig idea of evolution, he is not engulfed in the reactionary wave of Pantheism which can recognize only a single unit of existence. While denying the "aloofness" of God he gives us as one of his most satisfactory chapters a view of the transcendence of God that makes him infinitely superior to his works and exalts his true greatness.

To illustrate how easily he disposes of a difficult problem, it is interesting to note his treatment of some of "the last things." He had passed through some memorable experiences with the Millèrites in his early pastorates, and he had returned to the subject again and again in his later teachings; so we are anxious to see how he is to treat the doctrine in maturer years. Is he pre-millenarian or post-millenarian? He is neither! The word is found only once in the Bible,—and then in a book of symbols. Those apocalyptic writings were written to cheer the disciples of the early church. The revelator had no thought of describing distant minute details which many ingenious minds have enlarged and made central in their gospel. This does not mean that there are no great events before us. The work of theology is to give us a more wonderful eschatology than the church has known. But it will not divide us still into pre and post-millenarians.

Before one takes up the "Doctrine" he should have become acquainted with the author's book on "Interpretation," and "Sixty Years with the Bible." to know his reverence for the Scriptures and yet to account for his freedom in the use of them.

As to miracles, the author takes about the same position as does Dr. Gordon. He makes more of the supernatural and less of the miraculous, though by no means denying it. God is greater than the world and above it, as well as the soul of it. In discusing the Trinity, our theologian comes to it after the manner of the modern pluralists, arguing upward from experience, and finds pragmatic grounds for the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. If we follow his leadership we shall believe in the Trinity not at second hand or from dogmatic authority but because we have come to know God ourselves in his three-foldness and have the certainty from an impact of the soul because we can truly say, "the best in me is God in me."

Nothing probably has cost this thinker more than his chapter of "What Christ has done for us." He cannot treat this vital Christian theme flippantly or even negatively. Many of us will not accept his statement as wholly sufficient—and where do we find the theory that meets this profound truth?—but, certainly, he does not minimise the fact of sin. In this week's "Congregationalist" he writes:

"Spare not thy people's sin;
Purge out their evil—hate and burn and kill;
Oh, let thy cleansing love
Be fire unquenchable against their ill."

What commends the work to us is not that here we have the "last word" on theology; nor that we can subscribe to all its utterances, but we are disarmed by the spirit of the author. He believes in what John Howe calls "the conversableness" with the Master. If we mistake not, he has had a growing sympathy with a living Saviour. And this, according to a recent article in the "Christian Register," is the distinctive mark of the orthodox over against the naturalistic position of the so-called rationalist. In not one of the scores of theological treatises we have seen, does the devotional assume such prominence.

These are among his last words: "Faith is the flight of the soul to its own in the bosom of its Father. Who shall describe it? Who can tell of the waverings and uncertainty before the flight, or of the welcome, the rest and the infinite peace that follow it? Going thus to his own place, man trusts God for himself and for all creation; all is safe in the Father's hands, and his perfect goodness and redeeming grace are the complete satisfaction of the soul."

Dr. Alexander of New York used to urge upon the younger ministers to master at least one system of theology each year. If any one of us, even with some previous acquaintanceship with this teacher, should keep his various works near at hand for a few months he would come to feel towards the Colgate professor not the admiration for a mere scholar or profound thinker, but the gratitude and comradeship of a dear friend.

RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS IN HAWAII.

In an article in The Northwestern Christian Advocate, on "Religious Conditions in Hawaii," Bishop Smith of the Methodist Episcopal Church says:

"Probably the majority of readers will think the religious condition of Hawaii means chiefly the religious condition of the Hawaiians. Far from it. In fact but one in five of the present population of the islands is of native Hawaiian blood. Governor Freer, in his message to the late session of the Legislature, estimated the population as follows: Japanese, 72,000; Chinese, 18,000; Koreans, 5,000; Portuguese, 23,000; Spaniards, 2,000; Porto Ricans, 2,000; Hawaiians, of pure and mixed blood, 35,000; whites, of all nationalities, Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Norwegians, and others, 12,000; miscellaneous, 1,000; total, 170,000. Here, then, the babbling tongues of earth meet as probably nowhere else in the world in so small a population and under the same conditions. Race and religious problems are being worked out here as nowhere else. But before I speak further on that subject some attention may well be given to what seems to be the inevitable fate of the Hawaiian race.

"At its height the native race was estimated at from two hundred fifty thousand to four hundred thousand. The truth was somewhere between these two numbers. Now there are seventeen thousand pure blood and about as many more having the blood of other races mingled in their veins. What has become of these multitudes of people? Why have they melted away like snow? Various causes have contributed to this most remarkable result. Epidemics, such as measles, have carried off tens of thousands of them. The vices introduced by foreigners have been most destructive. The adoption of the clothing and habits of civilization without adequate knowledge of the conduct accompanying these things have been unfavorable.

"They have suffered nothing from wars or wrongs at the hands of the whites who have become the practical rulers of the islands. On the contrary these peaceful and Christian invaders have treated the natives with the utmost kindness and have done all in their power for their well-being. Industrial, educational, and Christian institutions have been established and fostered at enormous cost for their good. They have been treated with great care and even tenderness. And yet they have been steadily declining and are still fading away. Few children are born to them compared with their former productiveness and with the offspring of other races who have come to occupy the lands. They are unambitious and inactive. They have few wants that are not readily supplied by nature in that semi-tropical climate, so that there is no stimulus to action. Like all other peoples they are about as indolent as their circumstances will allow. They are preeminently a kindly, generous, hospitable people whose hearts and hands are open to all who need. They are physically a large and strong race and yet they are disappearing.

"The things I have above named account in part for the gradual but certain decline of this attractive and lovable race. But underneath all else seems to lie that strange but inevitable and pathetic fate which awaits all aboriginal races. Mostly they are crushed out by the heavy tramp of the invading forces of civilization; but in others, no matter how tenderly treated, they go down and disappear before their march."

Then the Bishop proceeds to say that the Hawaiians are now a civilized and Christian people. "So faithful and successful were the missionaries who came to them that their old religious faiths and customs have practically disappeared and they must now be classed as Christian believers. It is not intended to say that they are all personal followers of Christ any more than this can be affirmed of any other nominally Christian race. But they are not now

heathen people, and they have no need of missionaries to turn them from idolatry and tell them of Jesus Christ. Missionary help is still given, and very properly, to aid them in maintaining their religious and educational institutions and in still further lifting them up to higher development, but they are not heathen to be reached and won."

Turning then from the religious condition of the natives, it is said:

"The Asiatics, who make a majority of the present population, have of course brought with them the faiths of their fathers. Buddhist and Shinto temples, very small and unpretentious, to be sure, but still expressive of their faiths, are to be seen here and there over the islands. Of these the Chinese are most firmly rooted in the faiths of their ancestors, the Japanese being next, but quite more open to the gospel, while the Koreans are breaking away from the past and are comparatively easily won to Christ.

"The Portuguese Spaniards and Porto Ricans are Roman Catholics, as far as they have any religion. But theirs is the Romanism of those countries where that Church dominates, and that is a thing far different from the same Church in this country, where the reign of Christian liberty through the rule of Protestantism has compelled a broader and more evangelistic policy. These peoples under old-world Roman Catholic practices are both ignorant and superstitous. And having a form of religion they are harder to reach than if they had none."

Passing from conditions which Christianity has to meet and overcome in Hawaii, the Bishop asks, "What is its preparation and what its resources for the task? And in answer says:

"The most powerful organization at work is what is familiarly called the Hawaiian Board. The American Board, which founded the missions among the natives and carried them forward so successfully, thought some years since that its work was done and withdrew from the field. But the Christian people who were on the ground saw that this would not do, and they organized a local society—the Hawaiian Board—to prosecute the work still further. Many of these people, if not most of them, were the children of the old missionaries who had been born and reared on the islands. They knew the needs of the people and were alive to their interests. Many of them had become wealthy, and they put their own money into the cause in large sums and appealed to the American Board for more. Their appeal was heard and heeded. That board declined to again enter the field in active management, but it contributes to the work under the charge of the Hawaiian Board. And this Board is pushing the work in the most energetic, broad-minded and liberal manner. I heard nothing but praise from our Methodist people, and especially from our most able and successful superintendent, Mr. J. W. Wadman, for this board and its work. It has all the work among the Hawaiians, practically all among the Chinese and most of the Japanese missions. Beside these it controls nearly all the English-speaking churches, which, for the most part, are made up of representatives of many denominations. The Disciples and the Protestant Episcopalians have churches in Honolulu. In these lines I am confining the thought to the Protestant churches.

"Next to the Hawaiian Board in the strength and efficiency of its work comes the Methodist Episcopal Church. We have but one English-speaking Church, that in Honolulu, of which Dr. J. T. Jones is now the efficient pastor. It is not large in membership but it is, and is recognized as, a most effective evangelistic agency. It is a live church doing the work of the Master when such work is much needed. By common agreement the work among the Koreans is left exclusively to our Church, and we have some good work among the Japanese. Thus by amicable arrangement the several missionary enterprises are carried on without friction, overlapping, or waste. The relations between the Hawaiian Board and the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church are of the most cordial and co-operative character.

"Amid these conditions and with these agencies the work of God is going forward among these diversified classes with gratifying success. There are here manifested no race prejudices. The different nationalities are at peace. Their children attend the same schools. The gospel is having a fair chance and it is accomplishing its beneficent mission. Influences of a most helpful character are going out from here to the countries whose people come to dwell amid these delightful surroundings. If these Christian agencies shall move forward to the success they should attain the Hawaiian Islands will be a worthy example to the world of harmonious Christian activity among widely diversified peoples."

THE LAYMEN'S MOVEMENT NEXT YEAR.

J. Campbell White.

Next year's plans have been under most careful consideration by the leaders of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. They will include three main features:

1. Conservation of the interest already aroused.
2. Conventions in a limited number of large cities.
3. County conventions.

It is planned that each of the seventy-five cities where conventions were held this year will be visited as early as practicable next fall, for a careful study with the local leaders of the best plans for deepening and extenidng the missionary spirit in all the churches. These will not be popular meetings, but in the nature of leaders' conferences. They will be open to all members of men's missionary committees, including all pastors. Probably two afternoons and evenings will be spent at each center. At least one extra session will be held with the men at each center who are qualified and willing to assist in holding county conventions. It is easy to hold such conventions without accomplishing much permanent good through them, unless the men who conduct them have studied with a good deal of care the best methods of handling them. But by holidng these special conferences for potential convention leaders, it is expected that the number of men competent to handle county conventions successfully, will be increased very rapidly. A second method of conserving and extending the interest at the seventy-five main convention centers, will be an anniversary dinner, when the methods and results of the past year's work will be reviewed, and a policy of further

work will be adopted. In addition to making a careful study of the amounts contributed by the various churches, next year's plans will include an equally careful study of the number of contributors.

The second main feature of next year's plans will be the holding of conventions in a limited number of large cities, which were not included in this year's schedule. But only so many of these will be undertaken as can be followed up thoroughly. The pace was so rapid this year that it was impossible to give convention cities the help they really needed. While the whole plan of the national campaign seemed to require crowding the conventions up against each other, without a day's intermission in most cases, this will not be necessary hereafter. Time will be taken to do a more complete work and render more absolutely certain, the permanent influence of the convention in all the organized church life of the city. Invitations have already been received from many cities for conventions next winter. These will all be given careful consideration, and as many such invitations will be accepted as the movement feels able to make thoroughly successful.

The third feature of the policy next year is to hold county conventions in just as many counties as leaders can be found or developed to take charge of. As it will take time to find and prepare these leaders for this important work, the most of these county conventions will not be held until the season is somewhat advanced. Not many of them can be managed properly before November. And most of them cannot be held until after the Christmas holidays. It will be a distinct mistake for the leaders in any county to push ahead with their arrangement for a convention until they can be quite sure that it can be handled strongly. This will involve far more than several good missionary addreses. It is comparatively easy to secure these. But no convention should be attempted without the presence of at least one man who knows methods and is able to import his knowledge to the convention. Inspiration is good but without proper instruction in the methods of missionary education and finance, no great permanent work can be expected. This caution is vitally important.

These county conventions will be under the supervision of the secretaries of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, to be located at New York, Boston, Richmond, Va., Pittsburg, Chicago, Kansas City and San Francisco, by the opening of the fall season. In the meantime all correspondence should be directed to the office, No. 1 Madison avenue, in New York. A special pamphlet dealing in detail with the county cooperating committee and its work has been prepared and may be secured, free of charge, by applying to headquarters.

The first monthly issue of Men and Missions is the June number. It will be issued regularly hereafter except during July and August, the recognized vacation months. This periodical will be primarily a correspondence school in missionary methods. It has a very distinct field and purpose. It is meant for men who have capacity for leadership. It will be indispensable to members of co-operative committees of the Laymen's Movement, and invalubale to pastors and members of missionary committees in local churches. The subscription price is 50 cents a year, or in clubs of five or more, 40 cents each. This is to encourage all the members of missionary committees to take advantage of this aid to missionray achievement.

NEW ENGLAND NOTES.

The editor of The Pacific has asked me to send an occasional wanderer's word for its columns. I begin with New England, the motherland of California as Old England is hers. One cannot come from the Pacific Coast to New England without feeling at once that he is in another atmosphere—physical, mental and moral. Physically the change is oppressive. It is difficult to breathe the heavy and lifeless air. There is electricity enough in it, but no life. Even June is sulky and unkind, compared with California. You feel as if you were in an apartment house of Nature and not out in the open. The sky is only half blue and vegetation is delicate and frail, with a look of other-worldliness about it. There is beauty everywhere, but it is fragile and evanescent. Nature is not sure of herself.

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On the other hand, the mental and moral atmosphere, in contrast with that about San Francisco Bay, is healthful and exhilarating. The tonic of Puritanism is not altogether lost. One feels that pleasure and money are not here in the saddle, or if they are they do not ride so madly. Perhaps the most grateful evidence of a saner and healthier moral atmosphere is that afforded by the tone of the Boston press as compared with that of San Francisco. To be able to purchase for one cent or two (or if you would have the cream of culture in the Transcript, for three) a daily paper that has more of interest and importance in it for an intelligent reader than can be found in all the San Francisco papers at five cents a copy, and without the vile parade of world-wide scandal and provincial filth is an immense satisfaction. Why we of the environs of San Francisco tolerate such a press is a mystery of moral inertia. The Boston press is far from perfect, but is immaculate beside ours. If the Christian Scientists of the Coast would only do for us what the Christian Scientists of Boston have done in the publication of their daily paper, "The Monitor," we could almost forgive them their errors and perversities.

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Another evidence and sustainer of the higher moral and spiritual life of New England is the persistence, in spite of much decadence, of the habit of church going. The pulpit is still a power in New England, and Christians have not quite forsaken the assembling of themselves together. The Old South pulpit, for example, is one of the principalities and powers of the city of Boston. Dr. Gordon has developed greatly in freedom and warmth and strength and must be ranked among the foremost of American preachers. It is not too much to say that the mantle of his friend Phillips Brooks has fallen upon him. While his preaching has not the same degree of spiritual intensity and illumination as that of Bishop Brooks it is richer in thought and imagination. The sermon of whatever type has still a hearing in Boston, as revealed by the large congregation I found gathered of a recent Sunday morning in the Harvard Church, Brookline, to listen to an old-fashioned Scotch sermon by Hugh Black, and by a good-sized and attentive audience I found the same evening in the Shawmut Church in the South End listening to that lion of the tribe of social iconoclasts, Dr. Berle, as he discoursed on "Bunker Hill and Beacon Hill."

One of the most hopeful changes that I find in New England is the growth in social interest and social work. The South End House in Boston, in whose beginnings as the Andover House I was interested, has developed remarkably in influence and usefulness and has now a staff of nineteen workers and many new branches of work. Its head, Mr. Robert A. Woods, occupies a recognized position in the city equal to that of any clergyman. Other settlements have met with similar success. In the old city of Salem the most noteworthy acquisition to its treasures is the restoration of the ancient House of Seven Gables—admitting one to the very spirit and aroma of the old colonial days, and devoted to the uses of Settlement work. A happier linkage of the old days and the new could hardly be made. And the ancient city is filled with similar social enterprises, many of them recently established. I infer that this is the case with most of the New England cities. It is a most hopeful sign of the growing sense of social obligation and fraternity, a true harbinger of the Coming Kingdom. JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM.

Waverley, Massachusetts.

CHURCH UNITY.

Some Things a Protestant Episcopal Bishop Says About It.

At the recent congress of Laymen in Chicago, Bishop Anderson said:

We start out in this conference first with the conviction that Christ is universal; that the Christian religion is to be universal, and that it is the most potential thing for righteousness that the world has ever seen. That is the first part of our program.

And now Unity. Of course, unity is not uniformity. Unity is not unanimity of opinion. Unity is not platform agreement. Unity is not a federation of separated churches; nor is it organic separation and rivalry. Unity is that oneness in the visible body of Christ that makes men know and believe. This, of course, is not the time or the place to discuss unity as a platform. It is not the time or the place for any of us to say foolish things for the sake of saying perhaps the popular things; but I, for one, cannot discuss the subject, "What is the Will of Christ for the World?" without touching unity. And you and I cannot consider the most efficient methods of missionary administration without considering unity.

It is well for us to remember that the greatest triumphs that the Christian Church has ever won were in the days when the Church was one. It is well for us to remember that the greatest triumphs that Christianity has ever won were won, shall I say, before the Thirty-nine Articles were written, or the Westminster Confession, or the Augsburg Confession. And the greatest triumphs that Christianity is going to win will be the triumphs of a united Christian discipleship.

Let me take you to a little town not very far from Chicago. It has but 1,300 population, men, women and children. It has nine churches. Some of these nine churches are being supported by contributions from Home Mission boards. There are 55 per cent. of the men of that town that do not belong to any of the nine. But why? Because they are so feeble, necessarily so feeble when they divide 1,300 souls up among nine of them—they are all necessarily so feeble as not to be commanding exponents of the Christian religion in the town in which they exist. Does the number of religions increase the amount of religion? Is there not a danger that these labels become libels on true Christianity?

Let me take you to another town, not so very far from Chicago. It is a larger town. It has thirty-two churches in it, thirty-two separate organizations, I am told. Some of these churches are in need of support from the Home Missionary Board, when anything like Christian statesmanship would strengthen the church in that town and make it a great contributory force to spreading the Gospel throughout the world. I believe that we are wasting more money through overlapping, through dove-tailing, through rivalries, than would evangelize a whole race in a single generation. Is it wise? Is it statesmanlike? Is it Christian?

I would be the very last person to put forward the economic argument as one of the first arguments on behalf of Christian unity. Better have 500 churches, each one with its own truths and its own spiritual convictions, than one united church at the sacrifice of a single truth or of a single spiritual reality. Better waste a million dollars than to sacrifice a spiritual experience or a precious truth. But is it necessary either to waste money on the one hand or to sacrifice convictions on the other? I am quite sure that many of us have been approaching the subject wrong-end first. We have been asking, What can we give up in the interests of unity? That is not the question. It is not what we can give up, but what can we give? You have no right to give up—no right to give up anything that you have had that ever has been of value, that is of value, or that is likely to be of value. You have no right to give up anything that has ever received the divine sanction and the divine approval. It is not what we can give up, but what we can give.

I have a horror of that kind of unity that would be based on a sort of residuum. I am not attracted by unity on the basis of an irreducible minimum. I do not want to belong to a church of minimums. I want to belong to a church of maximums—maximum beliefs, maximums duties, maximum sacrifices. The church of minimums is incapable of producing martyrdoms. There are things that we can give up; but nobody is asking anybody to give up anything that is of value. We can give up pride. We can give up our ecclesiastical conceit. We can give up our denominational jealouses. We can give up our inherited prejudices. And, perhaps, by the grace of God, we can give up some of our ignorance.

I lay this down, brethren, as a proposition that has already demonstrated itself: Christ-like Christians cannot stay apart. Take this Laymens' Missionary Movement. To me the most significant thing about it is this, that as I see it, all kinds of Christians, Roman Christians if they would, Oriental Christians, Anglican Christians, Protestant Christians of every name can, without a single scruple of conscience, come and take their part and their portion in this great enterprise. Why? It is because we have all got the same central unity up to this point. We all believe in Christ. We believe that the world is for Him, and we believe that He has come to have the whole world. Glory be to God that at the end of two thousand years, in spite of bitter contro-

versies and interminable logomachies and almost bloody religious warfare, Christians throughout the whole world can get together on that platform—Christ for the world and the world for Christ. There is more unity than we think. The things that separate Christians are inconsequential in comparison with that which separates Christians from non-Christians. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

"Well, that is our programme: The universality of the Christian religion and the ultimate unity of the Church of Christ. Isn't it a big enough program? Is the world big enough for you? Is Christ attractive enough for you? "Ashamed of Jesus, can it be? A mortal man ashamed of Thee?" Let us rigidly and loyally adhere to that program in spite of the worldliness of the Church, in spite of the unbelief of our Christian membership, in spite of our cold love and our painless sacrifices, in spite of the absolutely unchristian talk that we hear from the pews that they do not believe in missions, in spite of everything, let us not pull down the flag one inch. Christ is for the whole world and the whole world is for Christ. And as a means to that end, let us all be prophets of unity, priests of unity, apostles of unity. We can do that much, at any rate. We can say of unity as we say of universality—We can if we will; we can and we will.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

July 10. The Model Christian Endeavor Society.—1 Cor. 12:4-27.

Rev. Arthur B. Patten.

Any adequate treatment of this theme would require the writing of a manual. Only a few scattered suggestions can be made in this article.

The model society will have a model pastor, and will welcome his presence and seek his leadership. He in turn will be always on hand. Perhaps he should be more seen than heard. He must be careful not to be obtrusive or officious, but he must be equally careful to show his constant, intelligent and hearty interest. He must not talk too much, but still he must know what to say when his advice or testimony are demanded. He should attend the devotional, social and business meetings of the society, and be ever ready in case of need.

The model society will be a part of the church and never apart from the church. At least twice a year every active member of the church ought to drop in to the Sunday evening services of the society. The church should keep in touch with the endeavor as well as the endeavor with the church. The society should indeed be "the church at work for and with the young people and the young people at work for and with the church." Let the young people never become sufficient unto themselves, or a clan by themselves; but let them feel that the church, the whole church and nothing but the full service of the church can satisfy their loyalty.

The model society will make its business meetings as interesting and important as its devotional meetings; in fact its business meetings will translate its devotional spirit nto devoted plan and program for efficient work and loving service. Then the model society must have social functions, full of cheer and sparkle and good fellowship. Here all must meet on the level, and there must be no cliques and no mutual admiration groups. The model endeavorer is a good mixer, and the model society will know no class spirit. Here in these social events is the meeting place of the endeavorer and his outside friends. Here is the outer court of the temple where the approach is made to the inner sanctuary. Those who come thus far with us, may be expected in due time to come the rest of the way and to become thoroughgoing endeavorers. The right use of the social margin is vastly important. Into these social events should be invited those younger people who are almost old enough to join the senior society. Such an honor is a compliment and a tonic to them.

Then in our devotional meetings we should see to it that there is always a margin of unattached young people, who are willing at first to be camp-followers only. We are not doing half enough to get such eligibles to the meetings, and then we are not doing half enough to make the meetings fascinating and impressive, so as to hold them.

The model society will be thoroughly organized for calling and for flower distribution. It will see to it especially that no young people are unsought in their homes and unnvited to the church home; and it will see that the sick and shut-ins are always cheered.

The model society will keep the missionary interest to the fore. It will have its monthly "outlook" meetings, its study classes, and its pledged and systematic offerings.

Last but not least, the good-citizenship interest will be prominent and urgent in every model society. The problems of the modern world of affairs must be discussed in the light of the gospel, and the golden rule must be applied to business and to politics. The men and women of tomorrow must become alive to the tremendous social questions of our day, and confront them with prayer and conscience and intellectual vigor. Christian endeavorers must not be simply a cloistered clique of meeting-holding young people; they must also be informed and consecrated crusaders for civic honor and social righteousness.

THE CREED OF THE MODERN JEW.

Writing concerning the Creed of the Modern Jew, the Rev. E. Moser says in the Lutheran Observer that properly speaking the Modern Jews have no symbol or profession of faith, but allege the Word of God contained in the Old Testament to be the standard of their religious belief and practice. There are however some articles known as "The Thirteen Articles" framed by Rabbi Maimonides in the twelfth century, which are regarded by Jews of the present day as exhibiting a view of their religious system. Those articles are:

1. "I firmly believe that God is the Creator and Ruler of all creatures, and that he alone was, is, and will be, the Maker of everything."

2. "I firmly believe that the Creator is One; that there is no unity like unto his in any way; and that he alone was, is, and will be, our God."

3. "I firmly believe that God is incorporeal, that he has not any corporeal qualities, and that nothing can be compared unto him."

4. "I firmly believe that God was the first, and will be the last."

5. "I firmly believe that it is God alone to whom we ought to pray, and that no other being ought to be addressed in prayer."

6. "I firmly believe that all the words of the prophets are true."

7. "I firmly believe that the prophecy of our teacher Moses was a prophecy in the truest sense of the word, and that **he was the chief of all prophets, both of those before him and those after him.**"

8. "I firmly believe that the Torah, at present in our hands, is the same that was given to our teacher Moses, peace be with him."

9. "I firmly believe **that this Law will not be changed and that no other Law will be revealed by the Creator,** blessed be his name."

10. "I firmly believe that God knows all the deeds of the sons of men and all their thoughts; as it is said 'He who hath formed their heart altogether, he knoweth all their deeds.'" Ps. xxxiii. 15.

11. "I firmly believe that God rewards those who keep his commandments, and punishes those who transgress his commandments."

12. **"I firmly believe that the Anointed will come; and although he tarries, I wait nevertheless every day for his coming."**

13. "I firmly believe that there will be a resurrection of the dead, at the time when it shall please the Creator, blessed be his name."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Berkeley, Congregational Chinese Mission.—The members of the Chinese Mission held their first communion service Sunday, June 26th, at the Mission building, 1917 Addison Street. Rev. S. C. Patterson, pastor of the North Berkeley church, administered the sacrament.

San Francisco, Richmond.—On Sunday evening, June 26th, an interesting service was held, made so in part by the attendance of the Richmond lodge of Masons. The members of the lodge accompanied by many of their friends marched in a body to the church and participated in the services. The music rendered by the vested choir was an effective feature of the service.

Ontario, Bethel.—The pastor's family having recently moved into their new and commodious house, were surprised one evening last week by a visit from the church people, who came one hundred strong to test the capacity of the new home and express their hearty good will. They brought their own refreshment and entertainment, and as an expression of their good will and interest left thirty fine and untainted gold pieces in the hands of pastor and wife. Matters in this staunch old church are moving along encouragingly. New people are coming both into the community and into the church, and a beautiful spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm in the church is steadily growing.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—The work of rebuilding is progressing, the frame being already up, boarded in, and nearly roofed over. The church auditorium will be 51 feet square, seating nearly 400. The Sunday-school auditorium will seat some 200 and about as many more can be accommodated in the gallery which is a horseshoe in shape. When needed a gallery can be put into the church auditorium so as to increase the total seating capacity to 1,000. Besides ladies parlor, kitchen, dressing rooms, choir room, and pastor's study, there will be seventeen class rooms completed. The exterior will be of brick veneer, the Seaside buff sand-lime brick being used. It is expected to keep the cost of the building down to $20,000. In this estimate the concrete foundation was figured at $1,420. This work has already been completed by Deacon Painter and at an actual cost of about $900. There is an immense basement that will doubtless be utilized in years to come, the dirt from which was used to fill up the block to a level with the surrounding streets. There is about $20,000 in sight in cash and pledges; so money must yet be raised for the equipment, including pipe organ. Through the generosity of George H. Currier, President and General Manager of the Currier Publishing Company, publishers of the Woman's World, the church has just been the recipient of a magnificent cabinet grand piano valued at $750, rich and mellow in tone, and of unusual beauty in design and workmanship. As a rule building enterprises interfere with the spiritual activities of the church, at least while they are being carried on, but this does not seem to be the case in the present instance. Since the first of the year thirty-one have been added to the membership of the church, the majority on confession of faith. The Sunday-school recently sent its second installment of $50 to complete paying for a room in the Annie Tracy Riggs Memorial Hospital at Harpoot, Turkey, to be known as the Dr. J. H. Goodell Memorial Room, and is contemplating doing more later on. In spite of difficulties, separate class rooms, although rather widely scattered, have thus far been secured for the classes and the attendance has been excellent. The Y. P. S. C. E. has added over twenty to its membership since January 1st. Dr. and Mrs. Peebles have made their presence felt most helpfully in all branches of church work and have been most favorably received by the public generally.

MINISTERS' MONDAY MEETINGS.

The last of the Ministers' Meetings to be held regularly in Berkeley met Monday, June 27th. The paper of the day was presented by Rev. G. A. Charnock, who gave a most interesting and ably-written review of Dr. Clark's recent book, "Sixty Years With the Bible." Several of those present in commenting on the paper, expressed their determination to read the book themselves from the interest awakened in it by Mr. Charnock's introduction.

On Monday, July 4th, the regular meeting will be omitted. On the following Monday the ministers will meet at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco. Rev. G. W. Hinman will be the speaker on this occasion.

TOO MANY PROFITS.

With all the investigation of high prices which legislative committees will do, no conclusion can be reached than that briefly stated by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson when he said:

"Too many people are engaged in the business of distribution. What we need is more farming. Too many

people are rushing to the town and the city and trying to make a living there, and not enough are staying in the country. Too many people are trying to get along without work and not enough of them are in the business of producing something. One man can do the business of distribution where twenty are now engaged in it. That is the reason why the cost of living is high and people are complaining."

In this paragraph Secretary Wilson has gone to the root of the matter. It is not the profit that the producer or the retailer makes. These are fixed by competition and are fairly representative of the cost of doing business. But between the producer and the retailer are a line of manufacturers' agents, jobbers, wholesalers, etc., every one of whom takes out his commission for simply passing the article along. In food products the commission merchant or wholesaler is a necessity. But there is no good reason why the bushel of potatoes, for instance, should, after passing through the commission house, go to a jobber and a wholesaler before reaching the retail grocer.

The same is true in every line. The manufacturer of an article retailing for $5 produces it at a net cost of$1.25. He sells it to the jobber at $2. That is $5 less 60 per cent. The jobber takes $1 profit and passes it on to the wholesaler at $5 less 40 per cent., or $3 net. The wholesaler takes $1 profit and supplies it to the retailer at $5 less 20 per cent., or $4 net. The retailer places the article in his store and makes it $5. The manufacturer's profit of 75 cents, which includes the cost of marketing his product, and the retailer's profit of $1, which includes the cost of maintaining the store, rent, clerks, light, etc., are legitimate profits. But the jobbers and wholesalers fill no legitimate place in the business world when they deal in articles which could be placed in the retailer's hands by the manufacturer. In practically every manufacturing line, the manufacturer used to be and should be his own wholesaler. Placing the manufactured article in the hands of the retailer via middlemen serves no legitimate purpose. Its only object is to enable one or two more middlemen to take toll from the article as it passes through their hands, and the toll is added to the price paid by the consumer. The $5 article should sell at retail for $3, and would if it were not for the middlemen, agents, jobbers, wholesalers, etc., who have fastened themselves on the business world, each taking a profit which he has not earned, and passing the article along at an increased price.

THE HOME

THE CAMEL'S NOSE.

(The Arabs have this proverb to warn against letting bad habits begin: "Beware of a camel's nose." Mrs. Sigourney has explained the proverb in the following lines.)

Once in a shop a workman wrought
With languid hand and listless thought,
When, through the open window space,
Behold, a camel thrust his face!
"My nose is cold," he meekly cried;
"O, let me warm it by thy side!"

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head;
As true as sermon follows text
The long and shaggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast, the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he pressed,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet, more astonished, heard him say,
"If thou art troubled, go thy way;
For in this place I choose to stay."

O, youthful hearts, to gladness born,
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn!
To evil habit's earliest wile
Lend neither ear nor glance nor smile!
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
Nor e'en admit the camel's nose.

THE HEART CRAVINGS.

I have been getting near some people during the last few years and they have told me things, things that one only tells a few times in their lives to a few people. And with these confidential chats has come the startling revelation, the revelation of how many people have been starved in their childhood; starved for sympathy and love. As, one by one, strong men and women, apparently quite matter-of-fact persons, have "let down the bars" to me and told of the terrible lonesomeness of their childhood days, of their "two selves," the larger one living apart and alone, misinterpreted, I have been astonished to find how many people there are who have had this same experience.

Whenever a person shyly rvealed to me this tragedy of their childhood, she, or he, always did so in a way that made me feel that they thought the experience was peculiar to themselves, that other children were not called on to suffr as they had done. I formerly thought so, too; but I have learned to think differently, to recognize the fact that there have lived hundreds of little children who every day carried about with them this secret sorrow: nobody understands them, nobody loves them. If it has been so in the past it is doubtless also true today, though perhaps not to so great a degree. O, the pathos of it all! Little children going about day after day living an apparently free from care, happy existence and yet all the time carrying this secret burden.

I was "summering" with two women not long ago, women who were at least not outwardly unusual. We had each "taken down the shutters" and allowed the others to have a glimpse at the real "I's." One woman said:

"I really always thought I was 'queer,' different from other people, until I was almost grown-up. Of course I was a shy child and perhaps that was the reason for it. But I often heard strangers say, 'Isn't she a queer little thing?' then my brothers and sisters used to tease me. I suppose I was more sensitive that the others, and so was given the impression that I was different from them; thus I got it into my head that I was queer and that made me

shyer and more sensitive. Nobody knows the agony I endured because of it."

When she had finished I was surprised at the expression on the other woman's face, but I soon understood for she exclaimed, "Why, that has been my experience. For years I thought I was peculiar, too. At least they did not understand my nature and so labelled me 'queer.' How I starved for love. Of course my mother and father and sister loved me, loved me well, I know now; but O, if they had only given more expression to their love what a much happier childhood mine would have been. Night after night I went to bed 'thinking a story' about how I would take sick, very sick, so that everybody would think I was going to die and then they would kiss me and tell me how much they loved me. Once when I had the scarlet fever I put my feet in a tub of cold water, hoping that would make me real sick and that then I would 'nearly die' and would have the experience of my 'make-believe' story, but I didn't 'nearly die' and nobody told me that they loved me."

It was not very long ago that a woman of thirty-six years, a bright, original woman, told me of her childhood. She had a father and mother, three brothers and two sisters. Her father and mother were the most self-sacrificing parents possible and gave her everything necessary for her comfort and yet never once since she could remember had a member of the family given any spoken expression of love or sympathy for herself; never once had she been able to "open her heart" to one member of her own family and talk sympathetically of her heart-longings and desires. They kissed her when she went away for a long visit and perhaps on her return; but gave no other outward sign of their love. "And all the time I was starving for it," was part of the woman's story.—Marion Wathen in New York Observer.

WHAT IS A BOY WORTH ?

During a county local-option campaign in Ohio or the prohibition of the liquor traffic an incident occurred that created a good deal of amusement and at the same time taught a valuable lesson. At a temperance meeting a speaker was comparing the worth of a boy with money, because so many people in the county were afraid that the banishing of the saloon would injure business and increase the taxes. After the speaker had dilated on the peril coming to the boys through the open saloon and the liquor traffic in general, he declared that the boys were worth a great deal more than business or any money value whatever. In order to make his argument all the more forcible by means of a concrete example, he stepped forward to the front seat and laid his hand on the head of a bright lad, saying, "What, for example, is this boy worth?"

There was a moment of impressive silence, while the speaker looked earnestly over his audience. Then a mischievous lad some distance away called out, "He's worth ten cents!"

For a moment there was an uproar of merriment. The laugh was on the speaker. It was a question how he should recover his poise and save his argument on the value of a boy from utter defeat. You know how that is. In a promiscuous crowd the fellow who gets off the laugh on his opponent almost always has the best of the contest, whether the argument is on his side or not. The temperance orator had to save the day in some way—for, after all, the truth was on his side. So, after the laughter had subsided, he took advantage of the situation in this way: "Yes, that is just the way a good many people look upon this matter. They put a high money value on a horse, a cow, a sheep or even a hog; but when they come to estimating the value of a boy, they think he is worth about ten cents!"

That was a pretty apt reply, and many in the audience caught the point and applauded loudly.

However, another thing happened to save the day for the temperance cause. As the speaker ended the foregoing sentence a man on the other side of the room arose and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, the boy you have been referring to is my boy; and I want to say before this whole audience that there isn't enough money in the county or the State to buy him."

Then a storm of applause that almost "raised the roof" broke from the delighted auditors, who appreciated the noble way in which the true worth of a boy had been vindictated. It is a good thing to be quick-witted in the cause of truth as other people are in the cause of error.—Leander S. Keyser, in The Classmate.

MAKE A CHUM OF YOUR BOY.

My heart goes out in sincere pity to the man who cannot make a companion of his boys. Do you know, fathers, that you are unconsciously depriving yourself and your sons of thee sweetest pleasures if you do not make them your companions?

Think what you are doing by allowing them to grow up without your protecting care. Some day, perhaps, you will realize what you miss by not associating with them more. Be with all your children just as much as possible while they are little, for by so doing you will become young yourself and you will appreciate with keener zest the good things of this life.

The reason why many boys go on the wrong road is because their fathers maintain an indifferent attitude toward them from the time they are two years of age until they are eighteen or nineteen. You cannot reasonably expect a boy to turn out as you should like to have him if you take no personal interest in his welfare. I know of a father who has a son in whom he takes a genuine interest, and they are the closest chums it is possible to imagine. It is, of course, impossible for them to be together all the time, for the father works all day at his store and the boy goes to school, but at night they are always together. The father does not monopolize the companionship of his son by any means, for he invites other boys to call at the house, and when you see them all together you can well imagine that there is no man about. The father enters into all the sports of the little fellows, who rightly aver that "he is great." That boy is now almost nineteen, but when he had passed the age of twelve, the father said:

"My, O my! next year you'll be in your teens, and then what shall I do?"

"Same as you've always done," said the boy, while a dimple came in his cheek and a sly twinkle came to his eye. "You know we've pledged ourselves to stick together forever."

"So we have, so we have," said the father, "and no matter how big you get, you will always be my chum."

That's the way to treat your boys.—The Baptist Commonwealth.

Young People

HERBERT'S GLASSES.

Herbert has a pair of glasses. Where he found them no one knows;
But he never is without them, day or night, where'er he goes.
They are not the kind of glasses I would care, myself, to use,
For they make things look so crooked, twisting all their wearer's views.

Herbert, since he found them, grumbles every day and all day long;
Says that everything he eats and wears and studies is all wrong;
Says his breakfast is "just horrid," and his teacher "isn't fair,"
That he "can't learn such hard lessons," and his playmates are not "square."

Through his glasses, disobedience looks likes manliness instead.
Truth and purity are stupid; anger is high-spirited.
Father, mother, sisters, all are mean, or tiresome at the best;
But a cigarette is tony; Herbert puffs at one with zest.

With such very crooked glasses, Herbert cannot well go straight.
So he strays and stumbles onward, sure to meet a crooked fate.
If you find a pair of glasses on your path like his, beware!
Many and many a boy is ruined just by wearing such a pair!

—Barbara Griffiths.

MARCIA AND PAUL.

Of course the plan was Marcia's. She was a big girl and knew all about Paul Revere and his midnight ride But to Paul, little as he was, fell the important part of carrying out her plan.

There were several reasons why he should take the part of Paul Revere. His name was Paul. His birthday was that very Saturday, April 19. He had a new messenger boy's suit and a wonderful new toy horse. The horse stood on a platform on wheels. It was so high that, when Paul sat on it, his feet touched the walk on either side just enough so that he could move the horse along at a great rate of speed. It was when Marcia first saw Paul in his new suit, thus mounted, that the plan popped into her head.

So all in a twinkling to Marcia and Paul the broad village street with the row of big, comfortable houses on one side and the park on the other had become the famous Middlesex country; the brook, rippling through the fields back of the houses, was the Charles River; and the many relatives of Paul and Marcia who lived side by side in the long row of big, comfortable houses facing the park were the unsuspecting patriots.

"You must ride and give the alarm," explained Marcia to Paul, "to everybody on the street from here to the corner —your mother and Aunt Lucy and Aunt Frances and Aunt Lily and Aunt Marcia—O, would you dare alarm Aunt Marcia?"

"Why not?" said Paul. "I'm not afraid of Aunt Marcia."

"She's so dreadfully nervous," said Marcia, "and stiff and tall and old. When she kisses me, she just pecks. And her voice makes you feel just shivery all over. But she's really one of the patriots, Paul, and 'twouldn't be fair not to warn her."

"Course not," said Paul.

"Well," said Marcia, "first, you know, you must lead your horse up and down the walk and watch every single minute for the lanterns on Old North Church. That's the big apple tree in your yard. I'll hang 'one if by land and two if by sea.' And when you're just as sure as sure which way they are coming, you ride like mad 'and spread the alarm to every Middlesex village and farm.' "

"What'll I say?" asked Paul.

"The British are coming—be ready!" cried Marcia.

"All right," said Paul, "go ahead, Marcia."

"If I hang one lantern, it's by land—remember, Paul—and two means by sea."

"Where'll you get your lanterns?"

"They're ready," said Marcia. "I found them in the barn."

Marcia ran off toward Old North Church. Paul led his horse slowly up and down, his eyes fixed anxiously on the belfry.

" 'One if by land and two if by sea,' " he said over and over.

In a minute, out from the belfry swung the big yellow Japanese lantern. Paul mounted his horse so as to be ready. A minute more—then beside the yellow lantern swung the fiery red one.

"By sea," said Paul Revere as he dashed away.

Now Marcia had intended that Paul should ride wildly up and down the street crying, "The British are coming!" But Paul had been beautifully brought up—all the relatives said that. And to Marcia's surprise, as she watched, she saw him ride the whole length of the street quietly, dismount, tie his horse, and walk up to Aunt Marcia's side door.

"Why, he's going in," cried Marcia, dancing up and down in great excitement. "What will Aunt Marcia say?"

Aunt Marcia's new maid opened the door. She had been there scarcely long enough to tell which was which among the grown-up Davisses, to say nothing of the little Davises. She didn't know Paul at all.

"Is Miss Marcia Davis at home?" asked Paul, politely.

"She is," said Marie.

"Will you tell her, please, the Britons are coming this very day—she must be ready."

"I will."

Half way down the walk, Paul remembered the rest of his message. He hurried back to Marie still standing on the steps.

"They're coming by sea," he said.

Ten minutes later Paul's mother was answering Aunt Marcia's call at the telephone.

"The Britons are coming," said Aunt Marcia.

"What—not to-day?" gasped mother.

"Yes, a boy brought the message over. Marie didn't ask for the telegram itself. I don't know why. But it

doesn't matter, for I was looking for them. Janet said almost any day in her last letter."

"To-day?" said Paul's mother again. "And we're all torn up for repairs—and I've a dressmaker. But never mind, they're always welcome. They'll lunch with you, I suppose, and dine with me, as usual?"

"So Janet's letter said. They come on the C. & N."

"The C. & N.? How strange. But the car can go over for them and leave them at your house. How many of them come?"

"All of them, probably. The message said simply that they were coming on the C. & N. to-day."

Meanwhile Marcia explained to Paul that Paul Revere made as much noise as he possibly could, and that on this occasion Paul Davis should have the same privilege. So up and down the street he rode, scrtaming at the top of his lungs, "The British are coming—to arms, ye patriots!" And beside him raced Marcia, shouting quite as shrilly.

None of the Davises had time to see or hear them, for Aunt Marcia's telephone had been busy, and by this time every one of them knew that the Britons were coming. They would spend most of their time with Aunt Edith and Aunt Marcia. But little visits would be made on all the relatives. So Aunt Lily and Aunt Lucy and Aunt Frances and Marcia's mother all wanted to be ready.

Just before lunch-time Paul and Marcia hurried into Paul's house.

"Marcia will stay to lunch," cried Paul. "You know, mother, it's my birthday."

"To be sure," said mother, "I'd almost forgotten it. There isn't much for lunch. The Britons are coming for dinner. The car has gone to the C. & N. station to meet them. It will leave them at Aunt Marcia's for lunch."

"O mother," cried Paul, "and it's my only birthday for a whole year."

Marcia was clinging to one of Aunt Edith's hands.

"How do you know they're coming, Aunt Edith?" she asked. "Who told you?"

"Aunt Marcia 'phoned—there's the car, now." And mother hurried away.

"What did you tell Aunt Marcia?" gasped Marcia. "Did you say the Britons were coming?"

"Yes," said Paul, "that's what you said, Marcia."

"I said the British," wailed Marcia. "The Britons are Aunt Marcia's and your mother's very special-est friends. O, dear! O, dear! O, dear! If only you'd told any of the other aunts or mother. O, what shall I do?"

"They didn't come," said Paul's mother, coming back and dropping wearily into a chair, "after all our preparations. Henry says the train didn't even stop here. And there's no other till three o'clock. I don't understand—"

"It's all my fault," cried Marcia. She threw herself into Aunt Ediths arms and sobbed out the whole sad story.

Before she was through mother was laughing softly.

"But I can't tell Aunt Marcia," sobbed Marcia. "She'll never forgive me—you know she won't, Aunt Edith."

Paul's mother looked sober.

"I'll tell her," cried Paul.

Before anyone could say anything he was off. He ran up the street and turned in at Aunt Marcia's.

Cap in hand, he faced Aunt Marcia herself.

"'Twas all a mistake about the Britons coming," he began.

"So it seems," said Aunt Marcia.

"Marcia and I," Paul went on, "made up a new play about Paul Revere. I was Paul Revere, and I had to tell all the Middlesex people that the British were coming. You were the very first patriot. And I said Britons instead of British. That's all—only I'm very sorry."

Aunt Marcia looked down, down, down, and met Paul's eyes looking up, up, up. Paul was such a little boy!

"It was Marcia's fault," she said sternly, "and that stupid Marie's."

"Marcia said British all right," cried Paul. "She's very bright. I said Britons. You mustn't blame Marcia, please. She feels dreadfully. And I don't really think 'twas Marie's fault either. I was very positive about it, Aunt Marcia. She had to believe me."

"How did the C. & N. get into it?" asked Marcia.

"I said by sea," explained Paul. " 'One if by land and two if by sea,' you know, Aunt Marcia. Marcia hung two lanterns, so of course 'twas by sea. I was only spreading the alarm."

"Well, you spread it thoroughly," said Aunt Marcia. "But I rather like you, Paul Revere. Come in and lunch with me. I'm prepared for all the Britons."

"Thank you, Aunt Marcia," said Paul politely, "but I couldn't. This is my birthday, and Marcia is to lunch with me. She's waiting for me now."

"Come in," said Aunt Marcia. Her voice was so sharp that Paul followed wretchedly. What would Marcia think?

Aunt Marcia went to the telephone.

"Is that you, Edith?" she said. "Well, send that Marcia-girl over at once. The Britons didn't come, but Paul Revere is here. He'll lunch with me. And we both want Marcia."—Alice E. Allen in Christian Register.

With a blithesome song,
And a heart as strong
As the spirit of youth,
Let us trudge along,
Not minding the weather
  Or wearisome load,
But singing together
  Our song of the road.

Though the way is steep,
And the shadows deep,
Though the tempests or sorrow
Oft o'er us sweep,
Think not to be weary,
  Still on with the load,
With a song ever cheery,—
  Our song of the road.

For beyond the hill,
In the twilight still,
There's a rest that shall greet us,
Our joy fulfill;
So, minding no weather,
  Let's shoulder the load,
Still singing together
  Our song of the road.

JYP.

Jyp kept asking mother whether it was not time to go. And she kept saying, "No, not yet, dear."

But at last she said, "Well, I think you may start now. Your teacher will be there."

Jyp was very anxious not to be late. He was going to Sabbath school, and his teacher, Miss Adeline, had begged all the boys to learn the habit of coming in time. "You would not like to be late at day school," she had said. "Don't you think that you ought to be as particular about Sabbath school?"

This was the reason why Jyp was hurrying, but when he reached the house where the Boyds lived, Prissie Boyd was standing at the gate, crying.

"What's the matter?" asked Jyp,slowing up for just one minute.

"I can't go to Sabbath school. I'm too late!" wailed Prissie. "Jack is sick and can't take me."

Jyp was sorry for her. He knew how it felt to like to go to Sabbath school; he hated to miss.

Prissie had an idea. She rubbed the tears out of her eyes to see what Jyp would think of it. "Mother would let me go with you," she hinted.

"Oh, I'm in a great hurry!" said Jyp, beginning to move on. "I can't wait for you."

"It won't take me long," urged Prissie. "I am all ready, almost."

But Jyp walked along as if he did not hear her, and as if he did not hear her begin to cry again.

But he did hear, and it made him uncomfortable. "It is just like meanness," he told himself. "It seems as if it was better to be a teeny bit late than for Prissie not to go at all. I should think Miss Adeline would rather."

He was not sure. He had not known this teacher long. She was very tall and a very straight young lady, and she had said a great deal against lateness.

A bird was apparently waiting for Jyp on a fence post flew away when he came near. Jyp looked up after it and noticed how very bright and blue the sky was.

"Well, anyway," said he, stopping short, "God would rather! And mother would. And," turning suddenly around, "I would!"

He called to Prissie. "You go in and get ready! And hurry! I'll take you!"

She went in. Maybe she hurried, but it seemed to Jyp a long time before she came out again.

He started to tell her that he thought she never was coming. "But," he decided, "I won't. It isn't very polite and it isn't very pleasant. It can't change it now."

So he shut his mouth tight, and walked fast, and did not say anything.

But Prissie said a great deal, until she was out of breath from their haste and it was more comfortable to stop.

"You are a lovely boy!" she said. "Mother thinks you are. Mother thinks very likely you learned it at Sabbath school, because they teach every kind of goodness there. She wants me to pay attention and learn, too."

A smile crept between Jyp's lips and undid their stiff line. He was glad he waited for Prissie. He would not be a bit surprised if Miss Adeline would be glad too.

But the funny part of it all, and the delightful part of it was, that when he and Prissie got to Sabbath school they were not late at all.—Sallie Campbell, in Young Christian Soldier.

THE ALBATROSS.

The Largest Seabird Having the Power of Flight.

The albatross, that wanderer of the seas, so often referred to in prose and poem, is nevertheless a stranger to the average person, and by some is even considered a myth. In Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the albatross plays a leading part, and one sorrows for the poor bird which, after following the ship for weeks, is pitilessly shot down by a mariner.

The albatross is the largest seabird having the power of flight, and is closely allied to the gull, petrel, and Mother Carey's chicken. It has a tremendous stretch of wing, averaging from ten to twelve feet. The wings are, however, extremely narrow, being about nine inches in breadth. The body is about four feet in length and the weight is from fifteen to eighteen pounds, a comparatively light weight when one considers the extreme length of wing. The albatross is possessed of a peculiarly long, oddly shaped bill, which gives it a strange appearance; this is shown in the illustration. The nostrils on each side of the bill, but at its base.

This great bird is generally met with in southern seas, although it is occasionally seen on our Pacific Coast. On the Atlantic side it is rarely found as far north as Tampa bay.

Its food consists of cuttlefish, jellyfish and scraps thrown from passing ships. It is a greedy bird, and at times gorges itself to such an extent that it is unable to rise from the water.

Its power of flight is, however, the most remarkable thing about the albatross. It spends its life, with the exception of a few weeks given each year to nesting, entirely at sea, and is on the wing practically all the time. Furthermore, it does not progress by flapping its wings as most birds do, but seems to soar at will, rarely, if ever, giving a stroke of the wing, seeming to need no impetus.—From "Nature and Science" in June St. Nicholas.

BY THE WATERS OF FORGETFULNESS.

There was once a poor woman whose life had been such a bitter one that she wanted her memory taken away. He to whom she had given the love of her young heart had not fulfilled the promises of his youth; his weaknesses had developed crimes so that he was compelled to flee for his life; and the sons and daughters she had borne and brought up had repaid her care and kindness with neglect and abuse, and at last, one by one, had wandered far from her fireside. So the heart of the poor woman was broken, and she passed, a sad and desolate soul, down the dark valley of the shadow of death. She came at last to a dim river, and asked the boatman to take her over.

"This is the river of forgetfulness," said the boatman. "Will you stop and drink before you cross?"

The woman's face brightened and her voice was full of eager longing. "Yes," she said, "I will drink; I will forget then that my hopes failed."

"You will forget that you ever hoped," replied the boatman.

The woman drew back, then she bent forward once more. "I will forget that I came to hate him so," she said.

"You will forget that you ever loved him," came the response.

The words seemed to stir a far-away memory. There was a long pause. Then the woman leaned forward to drink.

"I will forget that my little ones left my arms. I will forget how I wept for them in the darkness when they did not return at night. I will forget that they lost the right path and wandered away never to return to me."

"Yes," said the boatman, "you will forget that you ever pressed them to your bosom, forget that you ever felt the tiny fingers wandering carelessly over your face. You will forget the visions you saw, the fond hopes you cherished as you used to rock them to sleep at night."

"You may row me across," she said; "I shall not drink of the waters of forgetfulness."—Selected.

SETTLING STRIKES IN CANADA.

The experience of two and one-half years gives us the results of the new law in Canada dealing with industrial disputes. The conditions of industry in the two countries are sufficiently similar to make the Canadian experience of value to us. In all public utility, occupations subsidiary to transportation, all coal and metal mines in Canada, it is unlawful to start a strike or lockout until a government board has investigated the dispute and published its report. The board usually tries to bring out an agreement. Neither side is compelled to accept the agreement. The law simply aims to discourage strikes and lockouts by publicity and to apply conciliation. In the industries effected by the law changes affecting hours or wages must be preceded by thirty days notice. The penalty for causing a strike or lockout before the board has reported is a fine of the employer or on the striker. After the report of the board is published, if no agreement results, the parties concerned are at liberty to resort to industrial warfare. So far 59 boards have been appointed and 45 disputes have been settled without strikes. Seventeen railroad disputes have been investigated and in only one has a strike resulted. The law is gaining support in Canada and has very little opposition outside of labor ranks.

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